The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her bewtie ſerue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtraunger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone marde are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part.
And ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt:
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen lighe:
Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
When well appar'd Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee:

And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay.

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. He
ten, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his y
tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, & the
his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſ
here writ, and can neuer find what names the wri
hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others bur
On paine is leſned by an others anguiſh,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cures with an others languiſ
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyſon of the old will dye.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Yee ſay honeſtly, reſt you merrie.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.